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STUDENT LANTERN

Vol. IV. OCTOBER, 1909. No. 1

Revenge is Sweet.

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

BY GERTRUDE MENTHEN.

"TALKING about teachers, girls, puts me in mind of one I had when I was in the eighth grade. If you had him you could justly complain of meaness. Honestly, he was the meanest, and most unjust teacher I ever had, and the only one I have ever hated. He was nearly as bad as 'Squeers.' We got even with him tho, I can tell you," and Elsie laughed merrily.

"Oh, do tell us all about it," cried Mildred, cuddling nearer to the cheerful fire around which a circle of girls had gathered for a cozy chat, the weather having been too rainy for the usual breezy walk on the campus.

"Pass the candy Patty," said the hostess, a brown eyed girl doubled up in a Morris chair, "it'll start her, and besides, we all want some."

After the candy had gone the rounds Elsie settled herself more comfortably and began.

"You girls all know I came from a little country school whose only room holds forty children of all ages and grades. Our school was not out of the ordinary, containing thirty-two pupils, eleven of us being in the upper class.

"Our teacher's name was Mr. Finn. You already know something of his character, so I won't stop to tell you how strictly he ruled us right from the beginning, punishing whispering by five raps on the knuckles with a ruler. He was very quick tempered and nervous, and very seldom laughed, so that the school began to seem like a perfect hermitage and nunnery in one. We would not have minded this so much if he had been just in his ruling, but he wasn't. Why, I remember one day he whipped George Snyder for smiling at me. Yes, he did!

"Well, things just seemed to go from bad to worse, until we older ones were just itching for a revolution, and it came, too.

"It was just the last of April, and you know how rainy it is at that

time of year. A great many of us brought our dinners, luckily every single one in my class except Edith Fairs, who was absent. The morning seemed so dismal and gloomy with the drip, drip of the rain outside, and the smothered quiet inside, except when the classes were droning their lessons up in front. I remember it made me very sleepy, and I was just about nodding when I heard Mr. Finn yell:

"'You dunce block! You don't want to learn! You're stubborn! Go into the hall!'

"Poor little Vera Mason flew to the hall sobbing bitterly, and two minutes later Mr. Finn was rapping her hands. I thot he'd never stop! But at length he came out, leaving Vera crying in the hall. I guess that made him sort of blood-thirsty, for when he found out that only three in the class had been able to work their problems, he whipped every pupil, and whipped them hard, too. I just felt like screaming at him that he was a big coward, but I didn't.

"When noon came, however, and we had eaten our dinner, I made a suggestion to the other girls and boys that we play some trick on him. They were all as ready as I, and as the smaller children were playing on the porch we had the schoolroom all to ourselves.

"George wanted to write all over the boards, Joe Hawkins wanted to tear up all the papers on his desk, and others wanted to spill the ink on the floor and desk.

"No," I said, "he'd only make us clean it up. Let's do something that will harm him directly. If we only had some paint to put on his chair."

"'Bully,' cried Bert Feregson.

"Instantly there was a search for paint, but none could be found, and we were just about to give up in dispair when Frank Danby came in from the woodshed holding a rusty can triumphantly in one hand.

"'Glue!' he exclaimed in a stage whisper. We all gasped, then giggled, then flew to Mr. Finn's chair. Bert offered a pencil, which Frank promptly accepted, stirred the soft glue and gave the chair a generous dab.

"'Let me give it one too,' cried Alice.

"'Me too, growled Bert at my elbow, 'I got a grudge against him.'

"Well, before that can ever thot of stopping it had passed thru everyone's hands and we had each given that chair a dab. Eleven big dabs, for Bert put one on for Edith.

"We were quite excited by this time and went out on the porch to cool down. None too soon! There was Mr. Finn on a brisk trot down the

road, and a minute later was ringing the first bell. But we didn't go in until we had to, and then when we saw him busily copying some arithmetic on the board we cast relieved glances at each other, for our sentiments were quite divided between fright at our audacity and happy excitement, for we didn't know how it would come out.

"At length he had finished at the board, went over to his desk, called the first class, pulled out his chair—

"'Go on, go on,' urged Bess.

"And sat down.

There was a relieved sigh and a meaning glance all around the circle before Elsie went on.

"We all did that same thing," smiled Elsie, "besides giggling so loudly that Mr. Finn had to speak to us and threatened us with ten raps if we repeated the offense.

"The class seemed to lag fearfully. I just couldn't study for thinking of that glue, wondering if it would stick tightly or wouldn't stick at all. I was aroused from my thots by hearing Mr. Finn dismiss the class, and in the scurry that followed heard a smothered 'Elsie!' I looked over in Bert's direction. He was holding a paper in front of his face, and on it was a picture of Mr. Finn standing upright, the chair adhering to him, whereat he seemed much dismayed. The picture was so ridiculously funny that I just laughed as hard as possible. Mr. Finn saw me of course, and told me it was the second time he had had to speak to me and that I was to march right up to him. I knew that if I didn't go he would be more severe, but I was depending on the benefit of the doubt, so while I was wondering whether to go up or not, he grabbed his ruler, arose, and sat down again quite suddenly. He looked around curiously and angrily at the chair and got up again, but with the chair. It was stuck fast.

"It was a funny sight I can tell you, and we just roared, for when the smaller children saw us larger ones laughing they joined in, and we made the building fairly ring with our laughter. Bert Feregson was a big, brawny fellow, taller than the teacher, and I never saw a boy laugh heartier. He just doubled up, and held his sides, then stamped his feet, while the tears just rolled down his cheeks. We others weren't far behind, by any means. I never laughed as hard as I did then; my sides fairly ached.

"Instead of calming down, Mr. Finn was incensed by our laughter.

His hair became rumpled, his face was deep red, and he kept tugging at the chair and shaking his ruler at us, yelling madly:

"'Who did this? Who did this?'

"Of course we only laughed the harder, and finally realizing the fact that he was simply making himself ridiculous, he calmly sat down and actually waited for us to calm down. When we did begin to quiet down Bert politely asked:

"'Can I help you Mr. Finn?' and then haw-hawed so infectiously that we all started over again, while Mr. Finn waited and glared at us.

"We were quiet at length. Mr. Finn began with little Bessie Moore, asking her if she knew who had put the glue on his chair, and went steadily up and down the aisle until he came to George, who, of course, said 'yes,' but wouldn't tell who else had helped besides himself, so Mr. Finn continued on his tour until every one of us had been exposed.

"'I will see you after school, every one in the eighth grade.'

"That was all he said, but it was enough. There is no use to say we weren't frightened, for we were, but we had had our fun and were willing to take our punishment. Imagine. There were ten of us. I thought to myself that his arm would get mighty tired before he should finish, and that was a heap of comfort.

"We went on with our usual work, but no one knew a thing. You must remember, too, that Mr. Finn couldn't leave his chair, which fact everyone took advantage of, but he was just as good as could be, externally, of course. I don't doubt he was fairly raving inside.

"School came to an end at four. Every one was dismissed but us ten. We could have gone easily enough, but Bert said we might as well take what was coming to us first as last, so we stayed. The rest had no sooner gone, however, than Mr. Finn cried out:

"'What are you staying for? Go on home! I'll see you tomorrow morning. Now go!'

"'I thot we were going to see the end of it,' mourned Bert. 'What do you say; let's hang around until he goes, just to see how long it takes him to persuade that chair to stay behind.'

"We laughingly agreed to Bert's suggestion, playing fox and geese in Mr. Green's woods, which were only a stone's throw from the school. I can't tell how long we played, but we had finished our second game and were in a very exciting part of the third, when Joe Hawkins motioned frantically to Alice, who in turn motioned to me. Somehow all the kids

had scented what was up. We crowded about Joe just in time to see Mr. Finn lock the door quite gingerly I can tell you. He wore his long spring coat, too, which was in the habit of hanging in the hall except on real chilly evenings. When we saw it we all began to laugh so hard that I thot we'd betray ourselves. We were quite satisfied and took our different ways home, promising each other not to tell our parents and to be at school in the morning. The first thing I did on getting home was to look at the clock. It was a quarter to six.

"The next morning we were all there, true to our promise, and greeted each other as naturally as possible under the circumstances. Mr. Finn was at his desk in his old brown suit, for perhaps I did not mention that the glue suit, as we afterwards called it, had been a new gray one, made in the latest spring style. He was bending composedly over some papers on his desk, and did not even look up when we came in. The school had no sooner been called to order, however, than Mr. Finn called us up in front, naming each one of us by our full name. Then he turned to the other scholars.

"'You know what these boys and girls have done,' he said shortly, 'and you shall see them punished. I want you to remember, and know that your sin will find you out. I hope this will be a lesson to all of you. I want perfect order and obedience, and I shall have it. Bert Fergeson, step out!'

"While Mr. Finn had been talking Bert had been looking so penitently, affecting to weep, and wringing his hands, that we could hardly keep from laughing aloud. When Mr. Finn called him he stepped up quite lively. Poor, Bert, he took his medicine bravely. Joe came next, then George and Frank, Walter and Harry. It just made me boil to see the way he struck those boys, on the legs, hands, back or head. He seemed actually mad, bent on getting his revenge; but not a boy whimpered or cried out.

"'Don't you cry,' whispered Bert. 'If he gets too rough we'll stop him.'

"The other children were far more frightened than we. They were crying loudly and Joe's sister shouted:

"'I'm going to tell my pa on you and he'll have you arrested.'

"Other sisters and brothers of the guilty parties were just as excited, but Mr. Finn paid no attention to them. At length he came to us, I mean us girls. He paused a moment glaring at us, then grabbed me, and oh, if I didn't feel it."

"The mean thing!" cried Patty, as a murmur ran thru the circle.

"It's all over now girls," cried Elsie, laughingly, "but then, it was awful! I made up my mind to be brave, tho, and not one tear did I shed. At length he stopped and grabbed Alice.

"Keep up your courage Alice," I cried, "it's nothing."

"I won't tell you any more details or you'll be all excited. I must say tho that Stella was the only one that cried. It was quite excusable in her, for she was a small, puny thing and couldn't stand much. To find he could make one of us cry seemed to please Mr. Finn beyond measure for he pitched into her, if I dare use such an expression, until Bert grabbed her away.

"'You've given her enough, sir,' he said.

"'This is my affair,' he replied angrily, but he didn't attempt to touch her; he just laid his ruler on his desk and told us to take our seats. After we had found our various seats he dropped into his chair, (it was a new one) completely exhausted.

"'Shall I rub your arm?' whispered Bert loud enough for me to hear. This started us to giggling again.

"I really don't remember much about that morning after we had our punishment, except that Stella went home sick at recess without asking permission. Noon did come, nevertheless, and when I got home, the first thing I did was to tell mamma all about it; then I burst out crying just as hard as I could, shaking from head to foot.

"He needn't have been so hard mamma," I said, "my hands just ache, and see how red they are.

"Mamma said we deserved our whippings but she didn't believe in being so cruel, for I showed her the black and blue marks on my arms and legs. They were awful! When papa heard of it he was so angry he wanted to go right up to Mr. Finn, but I wouldn't let him. He wasn't going to know that I cared. But what do you think?"

"What," cried Kitty.

"That man had the boldness to go to our homes and tell our parents. That part was all right, but what wasn't was that he declared he had only rapped us a little. He said there had been so many of us that he hadn't given us half enough. Not one of the girls or boys got a second whipping. In fact, Stella's mother gave him a good piece of her mind. Poor Stella was sick a whole week.

"Now for the last chapter.

"Of course things went on as usual except that Mr. Finn was crosser than

before. The days just galloped toward vacation, lessons grew very tiresome as you know they do at that time of year, and all we got were scoldings and rappings. He had given us longer lessons after that trouble and marked us simply terrible. He could find a mistake in anything.

"The last week of school came, and what was very funny, Mr. Finn gave us no examination. The other classes had been laboring over theirs for a week past. Alice got up courage on that last Monday to ask him if we weren't going to have any.

"'I certainly do not intend giving you any,' he replied. 'You aren't going to pass anyway.'

"We were dumbfounded and just stared incredulously at each other.

"'I bet we will pass,' cried Bert.

"Mr. Finn paid no attention to him.

"We were very much excited you can imagine. Notes passed slyly from hand to hand, messages buzzed back and forth until noon hour arrived, when we talked until our tongues were tired out.

"'We can go to the court house and take an examination,' said George.

"'Of course,' we all cried.

"'I don't need to pass,' said Bert. 'I'm going to quit anyway, but I'm mad to think he won't give us a chance. Let's not go to school any more.'

"'Let's!'

"'Naw,' drawled Harry, 'let's go and make a dickens of a racket. I'm going to eat peanuts all afternoon.'

"Yes, I said, let's all bring something to eat. So it was agreed.

"After dinner was over I hunted around for something to take. As I passed thru the woodshed, which was attached to the house, I saw a basket of beautiful, ripe tomatoes. You know how I love tomatoes, so you can imagine me pouncing on that basket. I picked out eleven great big ones and put them in a paper sack along with a wad of paper filled with salt.

"'What are you going to do with all those tomatoes,' said my mother.

"Going to treat the kids, I said.

"'I thot they were for the teacher,' said papa quite innocently.

"The teacher!" I snorted, and bolted out of the house.

"At the corner I met Joe and Alice. I gave each of them one. We met the others at the school house; I distributed the rest, gave each girl some salt as the boys wouldn't bother carrying it around, then threw my empty

bag away. Harry had peanuts, Alice cookies, Marie Jasper apples, Stella, nothing daunted, a piece of cake, and—well, we all had something.

"Well, girls, I did have fun that afternoon. Mr. Finn paid scarcely no attention to us whatever. We certainly took advantage of the fact for we ate, wrote notes, drew pictures and were having a great time. 'Eat your tomatoes,' I wrote on a piece of paper and had it passed around. Other things had been easy enough to eat, but tomatoes are so soft, one has to handle them deftly. Ready for more fun they each took their tomato and at a sign from me we began to eat."

"You must have been worse then than you are now," said Patty, mischievously.

"I was, Patty. I was a perfect tear. To go back to the tomatoes, the first bites were all right. We watched Mr. Finn. When he wasn't looking we all took another bite. Oh, but it was fun. Bert turned around, his mouth half full of tomato.

"'The tomato brigade,' he whispered, 'already, fire!'

"It was an innocent speech in itself, but we thot it very funny and at once began to giggle. George had just taken a bite as Bert spoke, and when he began to laugh it flew in all directions. That set us going worse than ever. That same instant Mr. Finn caught on and called George up to his desk. Poor fellow, he was laughing so hard he didn't hear, so Mr. Finn grabbed his ruler and strode down the aisle, took poor George by the collar and applied the ruler quite vigorously. Bang! George's head struck the desk.

"'You dog!' hissed Bert, aimed his tomato which the next second landed square in Mr. Finn's right eye.

"A roar went up from the school. Mr. Finn dropped George and went after Bert. George aimed his tomato, which landed in his other eye. Mr. Finn sputtered, wiped his eyes, and started afresh after the two boys, first one, then the other. I can't tell you how funny it looked. I was standing up in my seat waving my tomato and laughing a blue streak.

"'Come on kids,' yelled Joe. 'Revenge is sweet. Already! Fire!'

"His tomato went thru the air in pursuit of Mr. Finn, followed quickly by Frank's, Alice's, Stella's, Marie's and mine. Some hit him and some didn't, but it was sufficient to see that he was dripping with tomatoes. He didn't just run after Bert now but after any one of us he came near to. Well, the whole room was in a panic, and I really believe that teacher was mad, simply crazy. But we got out safely, and if we didn't have our laugh!

Bert rolled on the grass. Dear me, I'll never forget! His hair, Mr. Finn's, was saturated with them, it streamed down his face, his clothes, and, oh, he did look funny!"

For a few moments the room rang with laughter.

"'Didn't you really pass Elsie?' asked Bess.

"Yes, indeed we did. We went to the court house, took our examinations and all passed. Bert didn't continue school tho, neither did Frank or Marie. Mr. Finn never came back either. I've never heard of him from that day to this."

"Didn't your parents care because you had behaved so?"

"Yes, mamma was very much ashamed of me, but when they, I mean our parents, got all the facts of that grievous year they never said a word."

"Good for them!" cried the girls, and "that was a splendid story," said Mildred, which fact was echoed by the whole circle of merry girls.

Oratorical Contests.

BY PRINCIPAL WARNER.

Ability to address an audience is a great advantage to any one no matter what is their occupation or condition in life. The best things often cost the greatest effort, but that is what the able student is in school for, to strive for the best things. Declamation and oratory on the part of pupils involves labor and effort, but every speech successfully rendered is a landmark in the pupil's career. It will soon be time to begin preparation for the contests of 1909-10.

There are two oratorical associations in Michigan. Our High School is a member of both associations: (1) The Michigan High School Oratorical association, made up of all high schools in the State that wish to join it. The annual membership fee is two dollars, and last year there were fifty-three schools in the State that joined this association and participated in its contest. In this association there are two kinds of contests:

(a) Contests in declamation open to students of the Sophomore and Freshman classes only. The declamation must not exceed twelve minutes in length and it must be selected from a list approved by the State executive committee. The student to be eligible in this contest must carry at

least three regular studies and be doing passing work in not less than twelve hours.

(b) The contests in Oratory are open to all high school students no matter what class they are in. No oration is to exceed fifteen hundred words, and the contestants must be qualifled as stated above as to their studies and number of hours of passing work. For the purpose of these contests the State is divided into districts and these districts are divided into sub-districts. The winner in a school contest goes to a sub-district contest, and the winner of a sub-district contest is sent to the district contest, and the winners in the district are sent to the Sate contest. This school is in the district composed of Saginaw, Genesee, Gratiot and Shiawassee counties. The district contest last year was held at Owosso and this school was represented by Margaret Taggart of the Sophomore class. All preparation for these contests must be finished not later than the first Friday in March.

The second organization, known as the Peninsular League, is made up of the following schools: Ann Arbor, Arthur Hill, Battle Creek, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Muskegon and Saginaw. The State contest of this association was held last year in this city. Our school won second place in this state contest. Wihtred Cook, of the Junior class, was our representative. All preparations for the contests in this league have to be completed before the second Friday in April.

It has been suggested that a good way to encourage and stimulate interest and ability in public speaking would be to arrange for a triangular interscholastic debate. Under this plan three schools unite, as, for instance, Arthur Hill, Saginaw High and Bay City, or Saginaw and any other two schools that may be willing to unite with us, and three debates are held, one in each school all on the same night. Each school is represented by two teams; one of these teams argues on the affirmative, and one on the negative of the chosen question. In the preparation work these two teams in any given school are pitted against each other, and when they are fully prepared, each team goes to another city to debate against the opposing team of that city.

To work out a plan of this nature is something that the Lyceum of our school might do well to take in hand and work up for its own good and for the good of our school. To have an interscholastic debating team would be a credit to the school and for a student to be able to "make" this team would be an honor well worth working for.

A Base Ball Fan's Desert.

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

BY ELMER CHILTON.

IT HAPPENED in the little town of M——, which was known throughout the surrounding territory as a wild baseball town, or in other words, a real prosperous village.

We had been notified by our manager to report at the depot on the following day to take the train for the said town of M——. He also stated that in the letter which had closed the arrangements for the game they had sarcastically remarked that we would need every man, woman and child from our town to root for us, and for us to bring along all our loose change as we could easily rid ourselves of it by placing it on the result of the game. We knew what that meant, that we were to have the hardest fight of the season.

The prospects for a good game were certainly bright and we were forced to use our microscopes before we could see any possible chance of our defeat.

For some reason the two teams had not clashed before that summer and as we stepped off the train the next day, nine strong hearts beat as one, and all were aching to get at their opponents. We were met simply by the town.

As we neared the ball park our reception was a brass band and a negro battery warming up ready for action. As for our side a sturdy southpaw and I were chosen for the battery, and the game was on. The first five innings developed into a pitchers' duel between the big mulatto and our scrappy left hander, resulting in the score board neglecting its duty and leaving both sides scoreless. The idea of finishing a tie without any supper not being particularly desirable to the opposing side, they started operations in their half of the sixth.

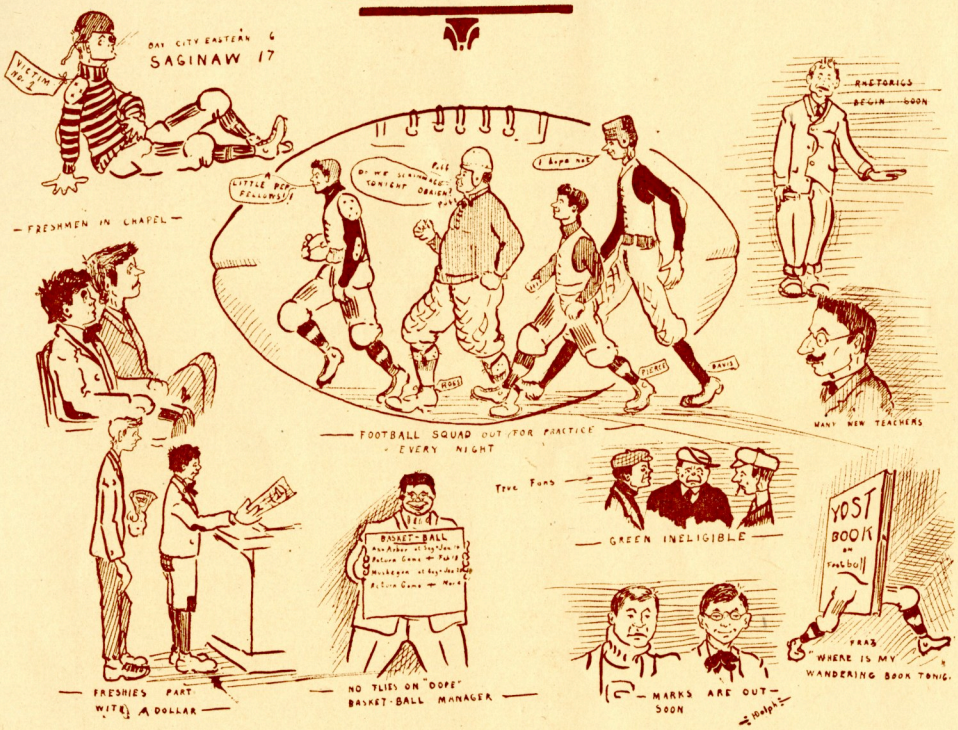
The first man to face the pitcher in this round contented himself with four wide ones. The second up was retired by the strike-out method. The third tried twice for something like a home run, but failed, and the third ball resulted in a slow one near the third base foul line, which is almost impossible for any one to field. Two were on, and one down when the next man was hit, filling the bases. The next man up, thinking that one run

was sufficient to win, saw that our pitcher was somewhat wild as he had passed and hit a man in the same inning and resolved to try for a base on balls and force in a run. The first ball came wide, but on the second, in attempting to foul away the good ones, he sent a low foul toward the grandstand in the catcher's territory. I took a tip from his actions and was ready. As he met the ball with a glancing blow, I turned and ran for my life, for in that one exciting moment nothing else mattered to me but possession of that foul. Just in time, I shoved my hands under it and gripped and turned and threw to third base, retiring the side. As our side went to bat in our half of this round, each man in turn received a thirty-five minutes' talk on the advisability of getting to the initial sack. But attempts were useless and we were retired in the "one, two, three" order, as were both sides in the seventh and eighth.

The ninth inning opened, as had the previous ones, with both sides scoreless, but in an early mix-up our opponents' right gardener had been injured and as they had no substitutes in uniform, they were forced to send in a player who wore overalls. It happened that he was the third man to bat, and after the first two had been retired in order, he stepped to the plate, lobbed the first ball thrown over the third baseman's head and took second on a wild pitch. The pitcher seeing that he was away from the bag, turned and threw hurriedly to catch him asleep. As a result he threw low, and as the pair of jeans slid back to second base they gathered in their manly bosom the ball. Then appeared a comic situation in base ball. The ball had completely disappeared. The shortstop and second sacker were mystified, and something blue in the distance was tearing home with the first run of the game.

The outlook was indeed dubious. We had but one more bat and we needed one score to tie and two to win. The first two batters were switched for a couple of sluggers on the bench, who succeeded in placing themselves on second and third, with none out. The outlook began to brighten, but it soon faded when the sturdy darkey got busy and seated the next two on six balls. The next man to bat was our little manager, and as he took his position at the plate with that "never give up" expression on his face, we all felt that something serious was about to happen. And it did. The first ball thrown he met squarely and it sailed true and straight to the center field fence, scoring both men and winning the game.

SEPTEMBER NUSE.



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Introduction.

Once more the Student Lantern is lighted and is turned over to the students for them to pass judgment on. If the decision is that the light is too feeble, all suggestions as to how to brighten it will be gratefully received. Remember, the Student Lantern is not a paper to display the ability or talent of the editors merely, nor of the staff, but of the entire school. Exchanges are sent to schools in nearly every state in the Union. As the schools do not come in touch with our school, except by our paper, it is natural that they should judge the school by the paper they receive. We all want the other schools to have as good an opinion of the Saginaw High School as possible. It is up to us as a whole, then, to put out as good and clean a paper as we can. Little by little we have been improving our paper, ably headed by former editors. There is as much talent in school now as formerly and there is no reason why we should not continue to improve. To do this we must have no flunkers, but each one must do his or her part. There is a contribution box at the head of the stairs in the new building. All together now, boost!

Subscriptions.

This year an annual subscription price has been put on the Student Lantern. There are eight issues and they may all be obtained for seventy-five cents, if you subscribe at the beginning of the year.

Now is your opportunity! Subscribe for the Student Lantern for a year and save five cents. Those who could not formerly afford to buy copies can now afford to because they will make five cents by the deal.

The circulation of the Student Lantern is far too small. Including the teachers, the circulation is less than four hundred. In a school with over eight hundred students this is not enough. At least 75 per cent of the students should buy copies of the paper. It does not cost much and there are few ways in which the money could be better invested.

One more thing. If the advertisers in the Student Lantern should refuse to give us ads, the paper would come to an abrupt close. The advertisers are not charitable institutions and when they take ads. in the Student Lantern they expect to get something in return. Remember this, and when you have to buy anything go to some concern that advertises in the Student Lantern and boost your paper in this way.

Debates.

Debating is not so popular in the Saginaw High School as it formerly was and not nearly so popular as it should be.

The Lyceum especially has fallen far short of its former standard. For the last two years good debates have been very scarce. In fact it was but a seeming mistake when all the members on a debate were present. As a usual thing one or two of the debaters were absent on the day of their debate. In one case last year one member was on three different debates before he appeared, and when he did appear he had not looked up anything on his subject.

This is the wrong spirit. Good debates should be prepared. If the members were really interested the debates would prove enjoyable to all, even those who pretend not to like them. An occasional essay could also be given on some interesting subject. The monotony of the work could be broken by a mock trial or a musical program once in a while. In this way the work could be made not only interesting, but also profitable, for all concerned.

At present the only idea in joining the Lyceum seems to be to get out of rhetoricals. Nevertheless, there are students enough in school,

who would really work and make the Lyceum a success, who would like to join. Let's use a little more pains in choosing our members after this and see if we cannot pick out these students.

Mr. Warner has a very interesting article on oratory and debating in this issue which could be profitably read by all students.

Now that we see by Mr. Warner's article what is open to us, let's get up some good debates.

In Memoriam.

There are few classes which graduate from the high school that have not at some time had their courses saddened by the deaths of some of their members. It is the one dark spot in a course which is otherwise all joy and brightness.

The class of 1910 has had its ranks thinned out for the second time since entering school by the death of a member. On August 23, 1909, Fred Whitney, the brother of Mr. W. L. Whitney, of the local High School, died at Port Sanilac, Mich. The exact cause of his death is not known, but it is supposed to have been spinal meningitis. He left school supposedly in good health, but he was taken suddenly sick and died within three days.

Mr. Whitney came to the Saginaw High School in the fall of 1907, entering the tenth grade session room. Before coming here he attended the Port Sanilac public schools. He was a careful student, ranking high in his classes. With a fund of quiet humor, he had made many friends, who will regret his premature departure.

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

Saginaw beat Bay City Eastern on October 2, but it wasn't thru any special help of the students of the Saginaw High School. The way the students turned out for the game wouldn't have done justice to a Zilwaukee school.

The total gate receipts for the Bay City game were $93.55. Of this the students contributed but $21.90, and the outsiders $71.65. Over three-fourths of the spectators were people from outside of school, who should not have nearly as much interest in the game as the High School students. That is a pretty poor showing. Less than fifteen per cent of the boys and girls in school attended the game.

What kind of a team do you think Saginaw can put out with that sort of support? It is not alone the fellows who turn out every afternoon at the field and eat dirt that make a successful foot ball team, they play a very important part, to be sure, but the support the team receives from the students is what makes it win games. Benton Harbor, with their cracker-jack teams, could not have won the state championships without the support of the townspeople.

Suppose that athletics should be stopped in the Saginaw High School, what would be the result? Every student in school would rise up and shout about the injustice of it. And high above the mighty din would be heard the voices of those who refused to support the teams while we had them. Then is not the time for school spirit, but now! If athletics were properly supported so that money was not lost on them, there would be no cause for stopping them. But, on the other hand, athletics can not exist if we lose money, as was done last year.

At the next home game, that with Port Huron, and the following, let's have at least half the students of the Saginaw High School, with a proportionally large number of outsiders, at the games. With this sort of support you can rest assured that the team will not be found lacking.

SCHOOL YELLS.

Yell-master LaJoie was sorely disappointed in the yelling at the Bay City game and thot it was partly due to the fact that many present did not know the yells. Every reader of the Student Lantern is earnestly requested to learn the following yells, and after the next home game, leave the field with the feeling that he or she has really helped win the game:

EEN DICA DEEN.

Een dica deen—dica fada—dica fum
Een dica roba—Een dica roba
Een dica deen—dica fada dica fum,
Saginaw High School,
Ziz—Rah—Boom.

WA-HOO.

Wa-Hoo—Wa-Hoo,
Rip—Rip—Razoo,
I yell, I yell,
Saginaw High School. (Repeat.)

LOCOMOTIVE.

Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Saginaw—Saginaw!
Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Saginaw—Saginaw!
Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Saginaw—Saginaw!
Rah!

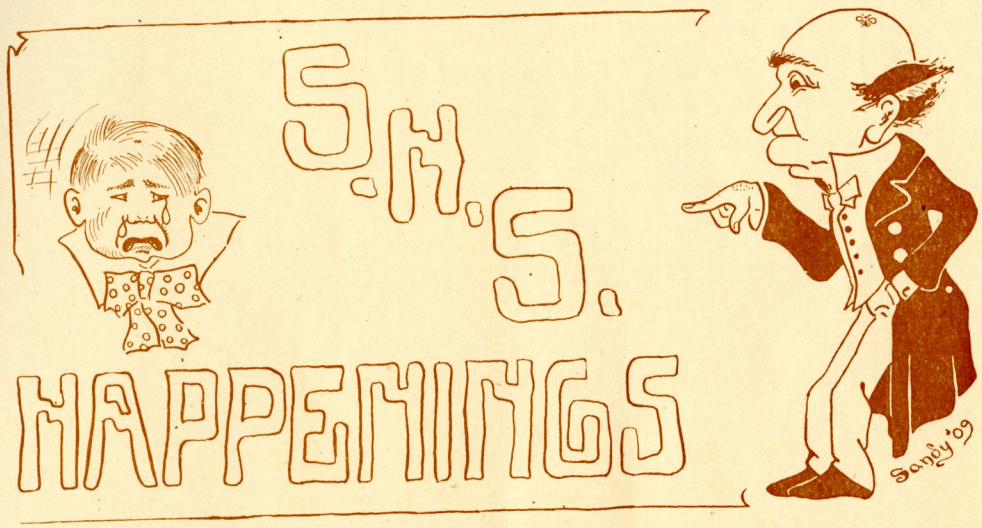
Askee—Wow—Wow!
Whiskey—Wow—Wow!
Holy Mackinaw—Saginaw!

Give them the axe-axe-axe!
Give them the axe-axe-axe!
Give them the axe-axe-axe-axe where!
Right in the neck-neck-neck!
Right in the neck-neck-neck!
Right in the neck-neck-neck-neck there!

SONG.

(To tune of Tammany).

Saginaw, Saginaw!
Some say we can play football;
What they say's no joke at all!
Saginaw, Saginaw!
Rip-em, Bust-em,
That's our custom!
S—A—G—I—N—A—W!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!—Team.



September 14—The first of the regular chapel exercises for the school year was held. All present joined in singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

September 21—Principal Warner pointed out President Taft's tour of the United States, showing the president's stopping places and calling attention to his great speeches.

September 22—The Amphion club met for rehearsal. It is preparing the comic song, "Little Jacky Horner," which it will sing at the Michigan State Teachers' association. Several High School boys will assist in the rendering.

September 23—A meeting of the Athletic association was held today. Close rivalry was shown between Gorman and Cooper in the election of basket ball manager, Gorman winning out by a small majority. Robert Randall was elected track manager.

September 28—Two well received piano solos were rendered by Miss Ruth Pearcy.

September 27—Students were tried out for membership of the Mandolin club.

October 1—A mass meeting was held in the Gymnasium to arouse enthusiasm for the Bay City game. It was the best conducted meeting of the kind held in the last few years.

Literary Notes.

September 23, the following officers were elected by the Thencean Society: President, Miss Elizabeth Ewen; vice president, Miss Helen Ewen; secretary, Miss Jean Sharpe; treasurer, Miss Helen Oppermann.

The Public Speaking sections do not begin until after the first marking.

The literary societies all begin their regular programs at the same time, probably the first Friday in November.

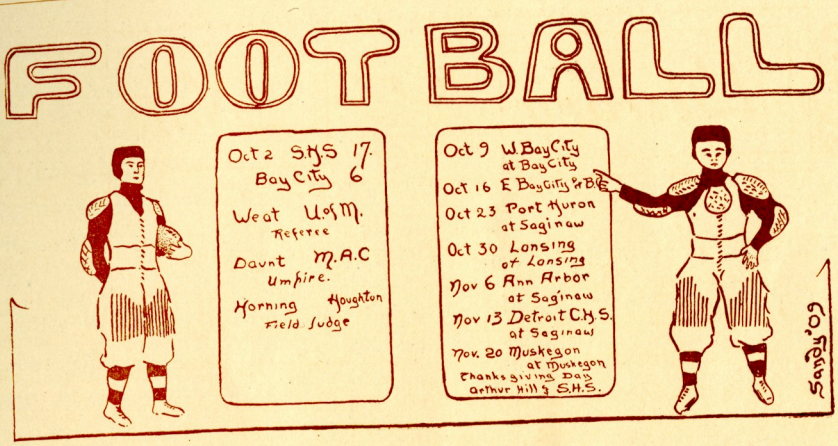
SCHOOL SONG CONTEST.

The Saginaw High School has now existed for nearly forty-five years. In this time the number of students attending school has increased greatly; excellent teams in all branches of athletics have sprung up; school yells have been made; but in all its history the school has never had a school song.

This year the Student Lantern staff has started a contest in an endeavor to get suitable words for a school song. If these are obtained they will be set to music by some well known Saginaw composer. But owing to the importance of such a song the staff retains the right to reject any or all contributions on the advice of the judges.

The prize for the winning contribution has not yet been decided on. It will be material; but no prize can be devised which will be as great as the honor of having written the school song. For a prize is but temporary, while the honor of having your name attached to the song will last as long as the Saginaw High School continues.

The songs will be printed in the Student Lantern as they are received. The date for closing the contest will be announced later.



WHEN Capt. Lester O'Brien, of the foot ball team, issued his call for candidates he was the only '08 "S" man to report. But there was Frank Green, the '07 all-state center, and Dewitt Cooper, Saginaw's star half-back, and a large number of last year's scrubs, besides a wealth of new material.

With almost an entirely new team to pick, the question of a coach was then all-important. And Richardson and Denny Clark were both too busy. Then Picard and Carpell, of the '07 Champs, consented to help out until they commenced their studies at Ann Arbor.

For the first week practice was held at the Hoyt school, then the scene of action was changed to Hoyt park. The work consisted of going thru the preliminary points of the game. After two or three weeks of this, scrimmage was commenced.

About the middle of September negotiations were closed with A. S. Burkhart for the use of Burkhart park for the season. This finally settled the place of practice, and the hard work began. The scrimmages were longer and the whole squad, numbering nearly fifty, ran back to the gym each day. The first squad was gradually narrowed down, for Manager Cooper announced Bay City Eastern here Saturday, November 2, to open the season. In the meantime Earl Davis, for three years a wearer of the mole-skins for the black and gold, consented to act as permanent coach for the season.

Then the squad was struck a hard blow. Frank Green was declared ineligible, and he was followed by several other good men. This left the line more undecided than ever. But by constant changing of the line-up the first squad dwindled down to seventeen men for the first game.

SAGINAW VS. BAY CITY EASTERN.

Our dear old enemies from Bay City came up the river Saturday, October 2, to pay us a friendly visit.

The weather, combined with the newness of the members of both teams, made the game rather slow. The Bay City lads were completely out-classed; the score does not show the relative merits of the two teams. The ball was almost entirely in Bay City's territory.

Saginaw kicked off, and after two unsuccessful attempts to gain, Bay City punted, but the kick was blocked and Henning caught the ball and crossed the line for Saginaw's first touchdown. Cooper kicked goal, making the score 6 to 0.

Bay City kicked off and the ball was brought within their five-yard line three times by the brilliant work of Cooper and O'Brien. But here O'Brien had to be taken out because of an injury to his leg. He was replaced by Loveland. After a run by Heagany to the five-yard line, Cooper carried the ball over on a cross-buck for Saginaw's second touchdown. Cooper kicked goal. Score, Saginaw 12, Bay City 0.

Bay City kicked off, and after the ball see-sawed for a few minutes, Cooper made a spectacular run for a touchdown, but for some unaccountable reason the referee would not allow it. The whistle blew with the ball in Bay City's territory.

Saginaw made another touchdown in the middle of the second half on a straight-buck by Cooper. He failed to kick goal. Score, 17 to 0. After several attempts at forward passes Saginaw succeeded but once and Bay City was entirely unsuccessful.

Toward the end of the half Bay City got the ball in the middle of the field and Schulz got away for a touchdown and he kicked goal. This was the first time Bay City scored on Saginaw in three years. Score, Saginaw 17, Bay City 6. In the remaining two minutes Saginaw failed at a place kick and the whistle blew with the ball in Bay City's territory.

Cooper at half-back looks like a phenom, and without doubt he will be one of the best backfield men in the state. Capt. O'Brien also has all the earmarks of a star. Chilton, for a new man at foot ball, played a good game at end.

The crowd was good, but there were not enough students, and of those that were there the girls had a majority.

The line-up:

Saginaw.		Bay City.
Fields	C	Watkins
Henning, Gorman	L. G.	Henning
Cook	L. T.	McGraw
Underhill, Randall	L. E.	Widmer
Nelson, O'Brien	R. G.	Slazinski
Bricker, Eckert	R. T.	Phillips
Chilton	R. E.	Smith
Heagany, Pierce	Q.	Moulthrop
Cooper	L. H.	H. Schultz
O'Brien (capt.), Loveland	R. H.	W. Schultz
Hannon	F.	Brown, (capt.)

Touchdowns—Cooper, (S.) 2; Henning, (S.); H. Schultz, (B. C.) Goals from touchdowns—Cooper, (S.) 2; H. Schultz, (B. C.) Referee—Wheat, U. of M. Umpire—Daunt, (B. C.) Head linesman—Francke, (S.) Halves, 15 and 20 minutes.

A Gentleman's Game.

They've made football a harmless game; let joy be unconfined!
Poor Willie's nose once beautiful, is wrecked, but never mind;
Heaped on the field the players writhe and jab and claw and tear.
And knock the breath from those beneath and gouge without a care;
They buck the line and nobly strive to pull joints out of place,
And here and there is one who gets his teeth kicked from his face.
The freshman and the sophomore all smeared with grime and mud,
Go gallantly to get the ball and faint through loss of blood,
The senior knocks the junior down and kicks him in the chest,
The high school boy is carried home and gently laid to rest,
While now and then a crowded stand collapses 'neath its weight,
And forty people get more than they paid for at the gate,
O, brave, oh, splendid, manly game!

ALUMNI

"Nig" Schmidt and Harvey LaLonde entered Houghton this term.

Albert Harvey, "Corney" and "Earnie" Kanzler, and "Octy" Furstenburg are members of the Freshman class at the U. of M.

Marion Brown and Jennie Coleman are studying kindergarten work at a Chicago school.

Emmet Beach is at University of Chicago.

Andrew Orr is at Drexel, this being his second year there.

Marion Gubtil, Elsie Carpell and Julia Roberts have returned to the Chicago Art Institute.

Henry Kanzler entered Cornell University this term.

Kenneth Biles has gone west. We hope he will "grow-up" with the country.

"Maggie" and "Ecky" Biss have returned to Kalamazoo college.

Ilda Jennings is in England, where she expects to remain a year.

Walter Germain is working in Philadelphia.

Pete Weidenmann has returned to the U. of M. to finish the civil engineering course.

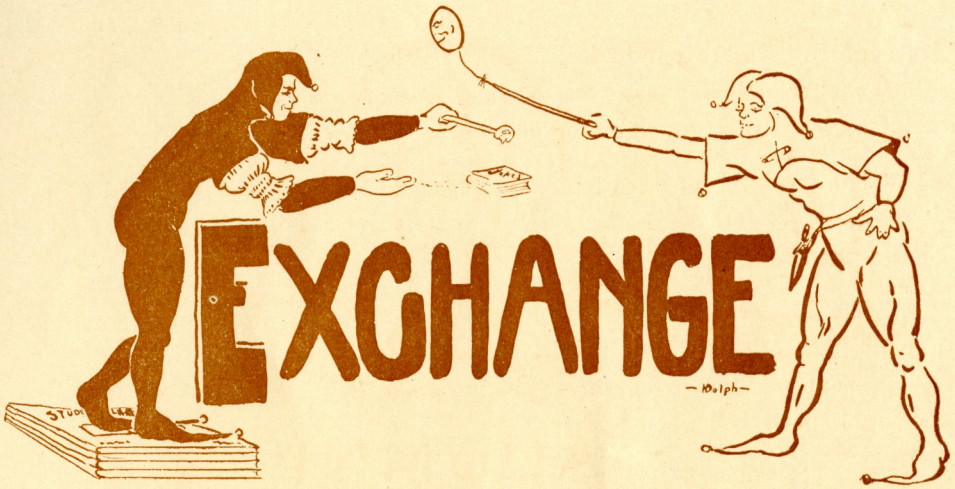
Gordon Quigley has returned to Houghton.

Will Roseveay is at West Point, and speaks highly of the place.

Mr. Otto Carpell has returned to the University of Michigan to resume his studies.

Allyn G. Roys is taking a forestry course at the University of Washington.

Miss Helen Powell is attending Mount Holyoke.



The new exchange editor in entering upon his duties, desires to say that this is "new business to him;" but that he will endeavor to make this department of interest to all. There is no doubt that the exchanges can be of mutual good to each other in giving and receiving such information as may be beneficial.

We have two copies of the "Skirmisher," Hillsdale, Michigan. A table of contents and a few short stories would be a great addition to your paper.

Are you Hungary?
Yes, Siam.
Come along, I'll Fiji.

"The E-L-H-S Oracle," of Auburn, Maine, is a very creditable paper. A few cuts, however, would tend to liven it up.

"What did the deacon say when you sent him the brandied peaches?"

"He said he didn't care so much for the peaches, as the spirit in which they were given."

The "Review," Sacramento, Cal. Your "Hard Times" number is very suggestive. Cheer up! The star of prosperity is on the ascendency.

Tell me a few of the most important things existing today, which did not exist one hundred years ago.

Freshie: "Us."

"The Stylus," of Dayton, Ohio. Why not keep your ads out of your reading matter?

We are glad to be favored with the "Helios," of Grand Rapids, Mich. Its departments are particularly well balanced.

Teacher—"What are you doing? Learning something?"
Pupil—"No, I am listening to you."

"The Totem," of Juneau, Alaska, should rank among the best annuals. It contains a great deal of good and instructive reading matter. It smacks of the north.

"The Megunticook," Camden, Maine. Your commencement number is unusually well edited, but a joke column is lacking.

Absent minded professor—(picking up a hair brush instead of mirror) —"Gracious, how I need a shave."

"The Round Up," Great Falls, Montana. Our criticism is, you have no address. The only way we could tell where the paper came from was by the ads.

A smart soph. to a poor freshman—"Say, did you hear about the fight?"
Freshie—"No, what about it?"
Soph.—"A cat licked his paw.

"The Crimson," of Goshen, Ind. We are glad to receive your excellent commencement number. It is certainly a very commendable publication. But, where is your table of contents?

The following is an authorized translation of "Mary had a Little Lamb," in Chinese:

Was gal named Moll
Had sheep
Fleesee alla samee white snow
Evly where Moll gal walkee
Baba hoppee long too.

"The Clarion," Rochester, N. Y., is a weekly of merit.

He—"Your father told me I was the black sheep of the family."
She—"What did you say?"
He—"Bah!"

We are also pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following: "Westminster Monthly," of Fulton, Mo., and the "Loyal Sons' Clarion," of Sacramento, Cal.

Notice to Knockers.

Of all the griefs that come our way,
These sad reminders are the worst,
It makes no difference what you say,
Some other fellow said it first.

So if among these jokes you find,
A joke you've heard before,
Don't start to knock our editor,
And, above all, don't get sore.

Don't say the stories are no good,
And set up a big holler;
Just take your pencil and sit down,
And try to win that dollar.
Attempt to write a story,

If you fail it is no crime,
And when the next month's issue's out,
Be ready with your dime.

Willie accompanied his father to the zoo, and passing in front of one of the elephants Willie said: "O, papa, look at the cow with her horns in her mouth eatin' hay with her tail!"

Mr. Mitchell—"Would there be any loss if a house should burn down without any insurance?"

Rich—"No, they'd have a fire sale."

Miss O'Brien—"Are you through copying, Mr. Thal?"

Thal—"No mam."

Miss O'Brien—"How near are you through?"

Thal—"Just starting the middle of the last line.

Mr. Mitchell—"Give an example of extractive labor."

Green—"Milking."

Miss Murphy—(in arithmetic)—"Don't you people know you can't subtract two unlike objects. You can't take apples from corn or potatoes from cabbage can you?"

Freshie—"Can't you take milk from a cow?"

Franz—(trying to sell season tickets to the ball game)—"Every one of you should take one home, maybe one of your fathers wants one."

The Girl Question.

There's a member of the class of nineteen-ten,
And he's liked throughout the school.
His recitations are getting fierce,
But he's far from being a fool.

He hasn't turned out for foot ball yet,
And says he won't run this year,
Altho he's fast in the quarter and half,
And Champ. of the mile I fear.

Let's try and find what takes his time,
But don't get Edna sore.
Now put two and two together
And we (Otto) all get four.

Miss Lane—"How did people live in the Pastoral Stage?

Brass—"By pastures."

Miss Lane—"What do you mean when you say they lived by pastures?"

Hill, (in a stage whisper)—"They ate grass."

Mr. Purdy—"What is the number you substract called?"

Frantom—"Subtrahend."

Mr. Purdy—"What is the number you substract from called?"

Frantom—"Dividend."

Miss Lane—"What do you call exchanging one article for another?"

Stingle—"Swapping."

Soph.—"Is is possible to take the greater from the less?"

Junior—"Yes, take the conceit out of a freshman.

Teacher—"Decline 'I have a gold mine.'"

Pupil:—"I have a gold mine; you have a gold yourn; he has a gold hisn; we have a gold ourn; you have a gold yourn; they have a gold theirn."

Gently as the leaves in autumn,
Go our eighth, and vacant hours.
With them go our fun and frolic,
As with leaves go all the flowers.

—Poetical Soph.

Stingle—(in commercial history)—"If a man wanted a pair of shoes he would first have to find a shoemaker who made shoes."

Miss Lane—"The first thing people tried to trade was cows. But there was a disadvantage in this because lots of things weren't worth a cow. What could they do when they wanted to buy something that was worth half a cow?"

Lenick—"Give 'em a calf."

Nurse—"Baby swallowed a button."

Mother—"What on earth did you do?"

Nurse—"I made it swallow a button-hole."

Oily to bed,
And oily to rise,
It the fate of P. V.
When a new bike he buys.

H. I. Mc.—'11.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
To study, I have done my best;
If I should die before I wake,
Then I'll have no exams. to take.

A joke is like a peanut,
You will find that to be a fact,
That neither one is half so good
The second time it's cracked.

Freshie—"I lost my dog last week."

Teacher—"Why don't you advertise in the newspapers for him?"

Freshie—"What's the use? He can't read."—Ex.

Miss Long—"Will you take tart or pudding?"

Senior Boy—(taking cooking)—"Tart."

She sighed as she recalled her many lessons in manners.

"Tart, what?" she queried.

"Tart first," he promptly answered.

FINANCIAL REPORT OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, OCT. 4, 1909.

RECEIPTS.		DISBURSEMENTS.	
Balance on hand June 25, 1909	$112 35	A. S. Burkhart (baseball)	$ 5 00
Basket ball tickets, back report.	45	A. S. Burkhart, (football season).	85 00
Athletic dues, 40 at 25c	10 00	Officials, Bay City game	13 00
Season tickets, 36 at 75c	27 00	Expense, sundries	40
Season tickets, 36 at $1.00	36 00	Expense, grounds, fence, etc	16 00
Bay City game, 90 at 20c	18 00	Expense, Bay City team	6 40
Bay City game, 259 at 25c	64 75	Amount to balance	142 75
Total	$268 55	Total	$268 55

Balance on hand	$142 75
Unpaid bills	80 09
Net credit	$ 62 66

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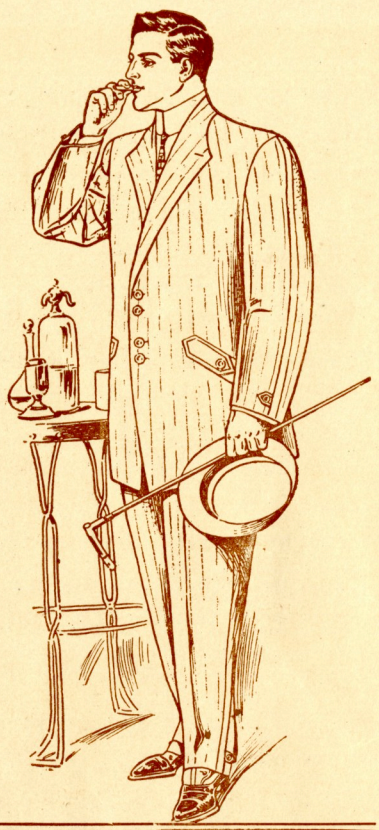

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